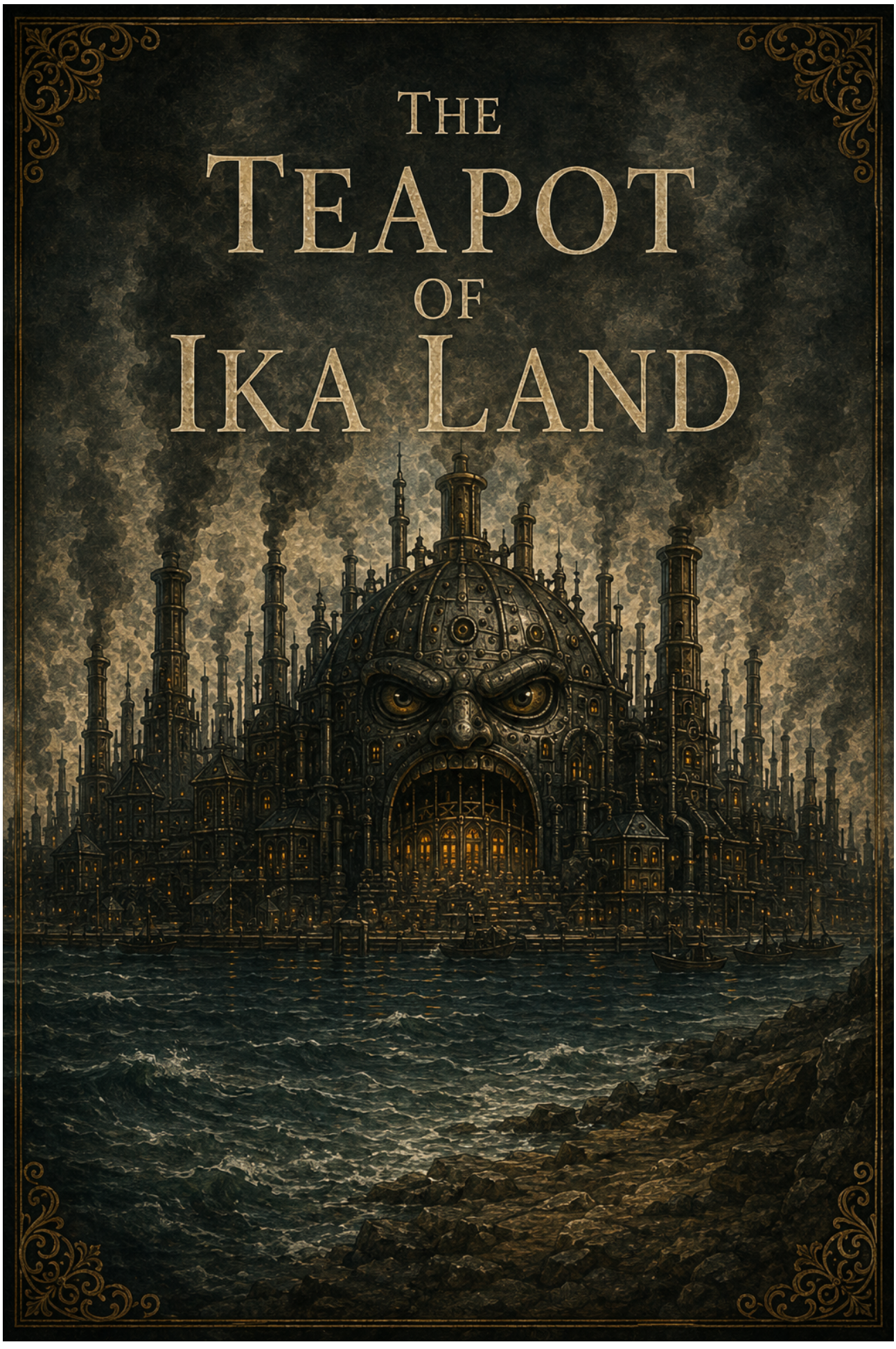
The Teapot of Ika Land



The Teapot of

Ika Land

COAB

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For the illustrations the Loom of Images has been used.

Chpt. 1. The Candy City
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Chapter 1. The Candy City

Candy-city was big, dressed up with mandarintrees and apicrot-trees all over. The walls of the city were high, where a slow soldier was marching. It was snowing, like it often snowed. The soldier was an insect with large antennas, and a very tall stomach, being a very tall insect. His arms and legs were very thin, and he bore a rifle. The king of his city was the teapot. For the insect it was just his job to march on the wall, to protect the city against any attack from outside. Soon another soldier would come to take the job over, so that he could go home. It was just an hour a day he had to be here. Every hour there was another soldier. Another insect came up high, by a thin coiling stairway. He was even taller than the other insect, and also much taller antennas. The soldier smiled, and could go home now.

The teapot was in rage in his palace. No one knew why. The coffeepot, his faithful servant, tried to sooth him, but to no result. Mr. Clock was also around, but couldn’t help the king either. The teapot sighed, as he didn’t understand why he was in such

rage. He was boiling over, and tea started to stream to fill the city. ‘I cannot stand this,’ he said.

‘Maybe the fairy is calling you,’ a royal soldier suggested. Then the teapot started to weep. ‘Maybe I am sick,’ he said. ‘Maybe I have to lie down.’ Some servants came with candy-oil to smoothen the rough places of the teapot. He felt better instantly, but then he fell down. Everyone was in panick. Grandfather lion came out of bed because of the noise. He saw immediately what was going on. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘yes, the teapot has worked too hard, and is in stress, so he must go over the candy-bridge.’

‘What is that,’ some royal servants asked. ‘Oh let me tell,’ said Grandfather lion, ‘it is not so hard to tell, it is quite easy, so if you have a minute, I will try to explain, at least I will try, so if I fail, you know at least I did my best, okay ? It is about a bridge leading him out of the palace, yes, even leading him out of the city, not the usual way, but a special royal way, so that he can learn about the country, learning about Ika, and having a holiday. Kings sometimes need that, as you can imagine.’

‘Where is this candy-bridge, grandfather lion,’ mr. Clock asked.

‘Oh, it is in my room,’ said grandfather lion.

‘Let’s bring him there then,’ said the coffeepot. Two royal soldiers took the teapot up and brought him to the room of grandfather lion, upstairs in the palace. Grandfather lion, mr. Clock and the coffeepot followed them. Grandfather lion showed them the candy-bridge hidden under a table. It was a secret portal, like a tunnel. It was a bit muddy. Suddenly a boy with a pighead showed up through the portal. ‘Who is that ?’ asked mr. Clock.

‘That is Jokobo,’ said grandfather lion. ‘He will guide us on the candy-bridge.’

‘Hello,’ said Jokobo, ‘well nice to meet you all.’ He had a yellow t-shirt on, and grey trousers which looked a bit muddy as well. He was almost like a pig, as he had also a pigskin. ‘It is the boy with the pigskin,’ said grandfather lion lovingly. Mr. Clock and all the others made a dignified bow for him. ‘Well, boy,’ mr. Clock said. ‘I hope you can show us a great deal of the country. We always live in the palace. We need a holiday, even from the city.’

‘Oh, yeah, it is good out there,’ said Jokobo with a jolly voice. Then they all went down through the portal. It was a bit dark, so Jokobo lit a candle. The teapot had still not awoken. Suddenly a frog jumped on the teapot. The teapot woke up immediately, and said : ‘What’s wrong, what’s wrong.’

‘Nothing is wrong,’ said the coffeepot. ‘You need a holiday.’

‘I’m all in for it,’ said the teapot. The teapot could walk by himself now, so the two royal soldiers could go back to the palace again. After awhile they came out of the city through a hole in a hill. Now they could really see the beauty of the candy-bridge. Precious candy in all sorts and all colours was surrounding them as a tunnel of chrystal.

‘I am so tired,’ said the teapot. ‘I feel so sick.’ There the teapot fell down again. The coffeepot and mr. Clock took him up again. They would help him walking. ‘We will go to the fairy,’ said Jokobo, ‘she lives in the Jungle City. She makes the best licorice juices to make you better.’

‘I’m dying,’ wept the teapot.

‘Oh no, you aren’t,’ said Jokobo. ‘Trust me, we will lead you to a good place where you can rest, and where you can get healed.’

‘Yes,’ said grandfather lion, ‘trust Jokobo. He knows the ways here.’

Suddenly a beautiful boy stood before them. ‘The fairy has sent me,’ he said. ‘She wants to let you know that you are welcome.’ He touched the teapot who felt better immediately. ‘Be well,’ said the boy. ‘There is nothing to worry about. You are in good hands.’ A smile appeared on the teapot, and his eyes were lifted up a bit. ‘Okay, I have some hope,’ said the teapot. ‘You are all very friendly to me.’

‘The licorice is boiling already,’ said the boy, ‘boiling for you. Imagine yourself : licorice baths, licorice pools, all for you, soon.’

‘What about chocolate,’ said the coffeepot.

‘Plenty of that as well,’ smiled the boy.

‘And caramel ?’ asked mr. Clock.

‘Also,’ said the boy.

Now Candy City had of course some great deal of candy, but they didn’t know much about the candy of the fairy, which was much greater in wealth, as she was such a creative and clever woman, a real adept in the mysteries of Ika, the name of the candy land where they lived in. She had studied much in the old books, books which were lost to many. And this woman was waiting for them in the Jungle City, which she ruled.

‘There are many forms of candy to make a person happy,’ said the boy, ‘and when some forms are missing, it can cause tremendous problems.’

‘Yes,’ said the teapot almost with a complaining voice, ‘I see now very well why we have to visit the fairy.’

‘Oh oh,’ said the boy.

‘What is it,’ said grandfather lion.

‘Monsters,’ said the boy. ‘I can hear them coming, I can feel them coming, I smell them.’

‘Monsters ?’ asked the coffeepot, ‘what kind of monsters.’

‘Oh, spinach monsters,’ said the boy.

Well, they didn’t know anything about spinach monsters. They lived in the palace of Candy City and didn’t know much about what was going on in the country.

‘They are desastrous,’ said the boy. ‘We have to get away from here.’

‘How ?’ asked the teapot.

‘I don’t know,’ said the boy.

All the others started to hear the noise also now, a terrible roaring noise. Soon they were surrounded by green and black almost hairy monsters looking like bunches of spinach with big eyes and tall noses. They looked very dirty, as if they hadn't washed themselves for many many years. 'Haha,' they laughed. One of them had a cap on, with a medaillon on it, and he looked like their captain. He said : 'Haha, Candy City is ours now. And this tea pot king is also of use for us, for we can make stinky spinach tea with it.' Two of the terrible monsters grasped the teapot and held him tight by the arms.

'See,' said the teapot, 'maybe leaving Candy City was not such a good idea. Now I am very worried about my poor city, and even more about my precious dear palace.'

'No, dear sir,' said the boy who was sent by the fairy, 'you should worry about your country, for it lives under this terror of the spinach monsters for a long time already, while you didn't even know it. There needs to come a solution for all. This is why the fairy called you. She wants to help the whole country, not just you and your precious dear palace and your poor city.'

'Haha,' laughed the captain of the spinach monsters, 'this boy makes too much noise. Grasp him too. We can make beans of him.' The nose of the captain almost looked like a carrot.

'You better not touch me,' said the boy. 'I'm already ten years old, and I am under protection of the fairy.'

'Haha,' laughed the captain, while also the other spinach monsters laughed very hard, 'don't make me laugh. Who is the fairy anyway, she doesn't have any power here. Where does she come from ? Don't make us laugh, boy, and you say you are ten ? Haha, what is that supposed to mean, little young bragger. We are at least over ten million years old, so what can you do about that, little snot-ape. I see you never ate your pap very well. We can do something about that.' And also the boy they grasped very tightly by his arms, so tight and rough that he was almost crying.

'And what is this royal candy bridge about ?' laughed the captain. 'Destroy it !' he spoke to some spinach monsters with axes. Soon they started to cut and smash, and there was nothing left anymore of the bridge, except for broken pieces around them, on which the other spinach monsters started to dance.

'Clearly all royal nonsense,' said the captain. 'Candy City is ours now, as is the whole country.'

One of the spinach monsters close to the captain was licking his lips. 'Can I have the pighead boy, he can become the crown of dinner tonight. I haven't eaten pig meat for awhile and I am sure the cook can make some lovely meal of it.'

‘Shut up,’ roared the captain, ‘he can be of good use first.’

‘Sorry,’ said Jokobo, the boy with the pighead, ‘I do not taste at all like pig meat. I taste like poison. And you better not touch me with one finger, or, or ...’

‘Haha,’ said the captain, ‘no, don’t worry, we won’t touch you with one finger. We will touch you with two fingers.’ But something was appearing behind him, and this was the reason why Jokobo couldn’t bring out any further word. It was a dark shadow of enormous length. The captain looked behind him and got struck as by lightening. ‘That is the fairy,’ shouted one, ‘run, run, for your life.’ The spinach monsters let go of their captives immediately and started to run away in great chaos and panick.

‘No, that wasn’t the fairy,’ laughed the boy, ‘that was just one of her guards.’ The shadow was gone already, and it was like the rest had also been struck by lightening, and they stood like numb in the field. ‘By the way, my name is Merillio,’ said the boy. ‘N...nice to m...meet you,’ said the coffeepot, who was the only one who seemed to be able to speak a bit.

‘Let’s move forward,’ said Merillio. Still trembling they went through many fields, until they reached the borders of the gigantic jungle. They heard the shrieking sounds of the monkeys, and the sounds of parrots and other exotic birds in the distance.

‘You know, this jungle is under a spell,’ said Merillio. ‘The fairy has called you, not only to help you, but also as a call for help. She needs your help also. She is the ruler of Jungle City and of the jungle, but she lives in captivity as well.’

‘What’s going on with her,’ asked the coffeepot.

‘Well, it is a long story,’ said Merillio. ‘You will see.’

As soon as they tried to enter the jungle, they realised it was moving away from them, and they found themselves inbetween the fields again, and they also realised that every further step they made would bring the jungle even further away in the distance, until it completely disappeared out of sight. The coffeepot sighed. ‘I think we have to go the opposite side, so that it might move closer to us and then we can enter it backwards,’ said mr. Clock.

‘That is clever,’ said the boy. ‘Let us try that.’ But they walked and walked, and finally they reached the hill again by which they left the Candy City. On the walls of the city, in the distance, up the hills, they saw the spinach monsters marching.

‘It has brought us back to start,’ said the teapot, ‘and I do not even smell the jungle anymore.’

‘The jungle could only be reached by the candy-bridge,’ said Jokobo, ‘but it has been destroyed by the spinach monsters.’

‘Jokobo,’ asked grandfather lion, ‘is there another way to enter the jungle ?’

‘Hmmm...,’ said Jokobo, ‘I remember my grandfather, who was a pig, spoke once about a pig-bridge. It was totally made of pigmeat, and he said it would be able to conquer anything, and to enter anything. I’m not sure if he was lying.’

‘The candy land has a jungle around itself as a huge circle,’ said Merillio, ‘so if we go to the other side of Candy City and go through the fields behind it, we can enter the jungle on the other side.’

‘My idea,’ said mr. Clock.

‘Sounds good,’ said the coffeepot.

‘Well, let us go for it,’ said the teapot.

But there was a huge wall dividing the land Ika in two parts, and spinach monsters were marching on these walls everywhere.

Suddenly a man totally made of tomatoes ticked on the shoulders of the teapot. ‘Hello,’ said the tomato-man, ‘my name is made-of-tomatoes. What can I do to help you ?’

Then the teapot started to tell the story. ‘Oh,’ said made-of-tomatoes, ‘I have a tomatoe-field closeby, with enough tomatoes to start a war against these spinach monsters.’ Also the others found it a very good idea. Made-of-tomatoes led them to his field, where they started to pluck as many tomatoes as they could, and they gathered them in baskets.

‘It’s enough for me to reach the other side of the wall,’ said the teapot. The rest of them agreed. They moved closer to the wall and started to throw tomatoes at the spinach monsters. It was an effective weapon, but soon other spinach monsters came and they came downstairs. Now the war had really begun. The tomatoes seemed to weaken the spinach monsters tremendously, as there was a special power attached to them, which made-of-tomatoes had told them. It would confuse their brains, but there

were so many spinach monsters that soon they had run out of tomatoes. Now made-of-tomatoes started to pluck tomatoes from himself. ‘Best for last’, he said. And whenever he threw a tomatoe, it multiplied into thousands and thousands of tomatoes to disarm and weaken a whole army. And the tomatoes started to multiply even more. ‘Now run over the tomatoes, across the wall,’ shouted made-of-tomatoes, which they all did. It was like a flood of tomatoes, bringing them safely to the other side of the wall, and they were of course very grateful to made-of-tomatoes. Soon he also stood next to them on the other side of the wall. But it had made the spinach monsters mad, and they heared their noise in the distance. They were with so many, and it had made them more angry than ever. They wondered how long the tomato spell would take. ‘We have to run now to the jungle,’ said Merillio. This was what they did, as they feared the spinach monsters would go after them. Made-of-tomatoes plucked a tomatoe from himself and started to eat. ‘Don’t bother about them,’ he said. ‘They can’t begin anything against a good tomato.’ That comforted them a bit, but they were not sure if made-of-tomatoes really had that invincible power, or that it was just his wish and dream. But at least they had found a new friend, and he was very good in their eyes.

Jokobo started to talk about his grandfathers stories again, about the pig-bridge. ‘Yes,’ said made-of-tomatoes, ‘these are not just stories. Close to the jungle on this side of the country, there is a field where there is growing pigmeat at the trees. In this field there is also a tunnel underground leading to the jungle, and this tunnel is indeed made of pigmeat.’

They were walking normal again, as there were no sounds of spinach monsters anymore, and also Merillio was contend. The road was very long, and when they reached the pigmeat field it seemed to be fenced by wooden planks, on which was painted ‘forbidden to enter’. They walked along the field without entering. And after a very long walk they saw something in the distance which looked like the jungle, but again it moved away as they came closer. It seemed like the pigmeat field they walked along had no end. ‘See, we need the pig-bridge,’ said Jokobo, the boy with the pighead.

‘Yea, but we can’t enter the pigmeat field to find it,’ said mr. Clock.

‘Oh, why not,’ said Jokobo, ‘let’s climb over the fence of planks.’ Then he jumped on one of the planks, but as soon as he did that, an alarm started to shriek. ‘Spinach monsters ?’ mr. Clock asked. ‘No,’ Merillio said. ‘Just come off of the plank, Jokobo.’ As soon as Jokobo jumped away from the plank the alarm was quenched. ‘I hope no one comes now to give us trouble,’ said the coffeepot.

‘Oh no,’ said Merillio, ‘they won’t.’

‘Why not ?’ asked the teapot.

‘Trust me, I know it better here than you,’ said Merillio.

‘I have an idea,’ said made-of-tomatoes, while he was still chewing on a tomato. ‘My tomatoes can form a perfect bridge across the fence, and they would not stir the alarm, I’m sure, as they quench and weaken it all.’ He plucked a tomatoe from himself and threw it against the fence. Suddenly it multiplied itself into so many tomatoes that a bridge was formed. Now they could all safely enter the pigmeat field. But when they came there, wild pigs were among the trees and they shrieked like alarms. ‘Okay, we will have to live with that,’ said Merillio. ‘Let’s search for the pigmeat tunnel.’

But soon they found a small wooden plate on which was written : ‘THE PIGBRIDGE HAS BEEN MOVED TO MR. SANDWICH BEACH.’

‘Hmm... said Merillio, ‘then we have to move to the left, it is only a beach of a forest lake, behind which is the jungle.’

‘Who is mr. Sandwich,’ asked made-of-tomatoes.

‘I don’t know,’ said Merillio, ‘but we will find out.’

They walked to the left side of the pigmeat field, where they found another path behind the fence. This time they just climbed over the fence, without caring about the shrieking alarms. It was a sandy path they were now on. They took another path to the left, and the sand was almost mixed with cheese here, hot cheese, melted. ‘Hmm,’ said Jokobo, and started to eat.

‘Well, I do not like dusty cheese,’ said the teapot.

‘Neither do I,’ said mr. Clock aristocratically. Also the coffeepot wouldn’t lower himself to it. ‘Horses have walked here, dogs, cats, so I won’t eat from it.’ But Jokobo didn’t care. ‘The food is good here,’ Jokobo said. ‘And it smells like pizza.’

Soon a walking huge sandwich came their way. He had a hat on, and had a very big mouth, where the sandwich was split. When he opened his mouth you could see the salad, the melted cheese, the radish-slices, the tomato-slices and much more. Also mayonaise came out when he spoke. ‘I am mr. Sandwich,’ he said.

‘I can see that,’ the teapot said. ‘We are looking for the pigbridge.’

‘Oh,’ said mr. Sandwich, ‘no one just gets access to the pigbridge. It is in the depths of my grillhouse. Only high educated, validated, honored cooks get access to the pigbridge to enter the jungle to find the finest ingredients for a hot meal, to be able to serve the best of the best. It is not for everyone, I mean, look at you, who are you anyway.’

The teapot was almost exploding. ‘I happen to be the king of all this land,’ said the teapot.

‘And I am his faithful servant,’ said the coffeepot, ‘and the rest is all his best friends.’

‘Oh,’ said mr. Sandwich, ‘I don’t care about what you say. I know who the real king is.’

‘And who is that king then in your eyes ?’ the teapot asked indignantly.

‘Me,’ said mr. Sandwich. ‘You can hardly count your fingers. While I have the palace of Candy City possessed by my faithful servants the spinach monsters. So don’t make me laugh. It is ridiculous to think you are the king of the country. You don’t know much about the country. You look like a stranger, and your friends also.’

Suddenly mr. Sandwich was gone in a flash.

‘May I ask,’ said the coffeepot, ‘who keeps the fairy in captivity.’

‘I’m not allowed to speak of it,’ Merillio said.

‘I take a bet on it’s him,’ said the coffeepot. Merillio kept quiet. ‘So what to do now,’ asked mr. Clock.

‘Well, I feel very insulted,’ said the teapot. ‘I’m almost boiling over.’

They decided to walk on and after awhile they reached a gigantic grillhouse at a beach. The beach was gigantic as well, mixed with a lot of melted cheese, and it looked like a giant pizza.

On the other side of the lake it looked like mountains of pizza. ‘I’m hungry again,’ said Jokobo, and started to eat again. ‘Better not do that,’ said Merillio. ‘All this food is under a spell.’ But it was already too late. Jokobo started to float into the air and got light and all puffed up. He was floating to the roof of the grillhouse, where a door opened through which he flew away. ‘Help,’ he screamed with his mouth full. The others were very shocked.

MR. SANDWICH
GRILLHOUSE
THE BIGGEST GRILL IN IKA LAND
BEST GRILLED FOOD EVER!
MR. SANDWICH BEACH
A BEACH OF A FOREST LAKE BEHIND WHICH IS THE JUNGLE

MR. SANDWICH
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MS
ONLY THE BEST GO BELOW
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A BEACH OF A FOREST LAKE BEHIND WHICH IS THE JUNGLE

The Grill House
The Bread Factories
The Transport Bridges
The Smoke Harbors
The Mechanical Markets
The Workers' Quarters
The Iron Gates
Mr. Sandwich Beach

The Iron Railway
The Bread Mills
Mr. Sandwich Palace
The Smoke Harbor
The Steam Canal
The Iron Market
The Machine Cathedral
The Foundry District
The Iron Fortress
The Workers' Quarters
Workers' Square
The Iron Gates
(Main Entrance)
Mr. Sandwich Beach

‘Let’s go to the grill house,’ grandfather lion said. By a door they went inside. It was dark here. It was a gigantic hall, with a lake in the middle, on which there was a small island. On the small sandy island there was an opening into the ground like a hole-opening. On a big wooden plate it was painted : THE PIG-BRIDGE.

Chapter 2. The Jungle City

There was something unusual here. When you looked at the walls it was decorated very wealthy with all sorts of unknown delicacies, exotic candy and vegetables, fleeces of unknown mixtures of great delight, it looked like a palace of a great emperor. In the distance they heard Jokobo screaming. But then he appeared high on a balcony, while he was smiling. He didn’t have the head of a pig anymore. The pighead he held in his arms as a helmet. He had a broad smile. Mr. Sandwich came also, and stood next to him. ‘Well wonderful visitors,’ he said. ‘I have decided that you are all welcome to my wonderful school where you can learn about the art of cooking.’

‘Don’t listen to him,’ shouted Merillio to Jokobo. ‘He’s a liar, he keeps the fairy captured, and he wants to turn us all into his slaves, and even worse : into his food.’ But Jokobo didn’t hear it. He was too far away, and still spellstruck. Made-of-tomatoes plucked a tomato from himself and threw it at the balcony. Mr. Sandwich got struck, and the tomato was multiplying itself into a flood of tomatoes. Mr.

Sandwich fell from the balcony into the lake, while the tomatoes started to cover him. ‘Jump on the tomatoes,’ shouted Merillio to Jokobo as loud as he could, but Jokobo didn’t hear him. There was a dark framework in front of them, which started to move, and crocodiles came forth from them. Again made-of-tomatoes plucked a tomato and threw it. Soon there was a bridge of tomatoes over the dangerously moving frame by which they could reach the lake where the other tomato-bridge was. As fast as they could they ran over the bridge.

Merillio climbed the tomato hill to the balcony where Jokobo still stood like frozen.

Merillio took his hand and led him downstairs, where they slided over the tomatoes into the pigmeat-hole.

The others were there also.

But the tunnel soon started to shake.

They slided through it into the depth where everything was dark.

Soon they came into another lake, which beaches were made of pigmeat and cheese, and it all looked like giant sandwiches and pizza.

Above them there was dripping melted cheese also.

Around the beaches there were big machines and frames like mills, grills and huge squashers.

There were also huge pipelines from which floods of tomatoe-puree streamed into the lake, and other pipelines spouted mayonaise or other sauces.

The ground below them was moving.

It was like there was a small earthquake.

Everything was trembling.

They heard the voice of mr. Sandwich in the distance, but very loud, saying :

‘Mr. Sandwich is getting mad.’

1. You Enter The Grill House
The mouth opens.
You are swallowed by the machine.
2. The Great Hall
Endless halls.
The air is thick with smoke, grease and the smell of burning.
3. The Grill Floors
Here everything is cooked, pressed and flattened.
You are nothing but another ingredient.
4. The Bread Factories
You are kneaded, shaped and baked into what they want you to be.
5. The Sauce Pipes
Pumped full of flavor, sugar, salt and lies.
Your taste is no longer your own.
6. The Meat Presses
Pressed down.
Drained of strength.
Your shape is decided for you.
7. The Transport Bridges
You are carried across the churning rivers on endless bridges.
8. The Pig Bridge
Greed watches you pass.
The pigs collect, judge and count.
9. The Gate Below
Beneath the bridge lies the real entrance.
The Underworld opens.
10. Descent into Darkness
You go down.
The light fades.
The noise deepens.
11. The Underworld Revealed
A world beneath the world.
Vast. Endless.
Run by iron and appetite.
12. The Rivers Below
Rivers of sauce, cheese and grease.
Everything flows.
Nothing is clean.
13. The Machine Heart
At the center beats the heart of the system.
It never stops.
It must be fed.
14. The Worker Hordes
Crowds work.
They build, carry, clean and obey.
Replaceable. Invisible.
15. The Sorting Halls
You are sorted.
Usable or waste.
Good for the sandwich or for the fire.
16. The Waste Pipes
What is useless is flushed away.
Down the pipes.
Out of sight.
17. The Cages Below
Those who resist are caged.
Broken, silenced, or turned into tools.
18. The Endless Loop
The cycle never ends.
From raw to product.
From product to waste.
And back again.
The Underworld
Beneath the Grill House
A kingdom of iron, hunger and smoke.
Built to feed the endless appetite of Mr. Sandwich.
You are an ingredient.
You are a product.
You are nothing, unless you break the cycle.
The Cycle of the Underworld
Raw Materials
People, resources, truth, dreams.
Processed
Washed, mixed, shaped, filled.
Product
Packed, labeled, sold, consumed.
Waste
Drained, discarded, forgotten.
Fuel
Burned to power the machine.
The machine feeds itself.

The Underworld of Mr. Sandwich
A kingdom built to feed the endless appetite
Beneath the Grill House lies a world of iron, hunger and smoke.
Everything is made, moved, pressed, pumped and processed.
Nothing is fresh. Nothing is free.
The cycle never ends.
The Cycle of Mr. Sandwich
Raw Materials
Processed
Product
Waste
Fuel
The machine feeds itself.
1. You Enter The Grill House
2. The Great Hall
3. The Grill Floors
4. The Bread Factories
5. The Sauce Pipes
6. The Meat Presses
7. The Transport Bridges
8. The Pig Bridge
9. The Gate Below
Beneath the bridge lies the real entrance.
The Underworld opens.
There is no turning back.
10. Descent into Darkness
11. The Underworld Revealed
12. The Rivers Below
Rivers of sauce, cheese and grease flow through the dark. They never stop.
13. The Machine Heart
At the center beats the heart of the system. It never stops. It must be fed.
14. The Worker Hordes
Crowds work. They build, carry, clean and obey.
15. The Sorting Halls
Everything is sorted. Usable or waste. Good for the sandwich or for the fire.
16. The Waste Pipes
What is useless is flushed away. Down the pipes. Out of sight.
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Those who resist are caged. Broken, silenced or turned into tools.
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Map of the Underworld
1. Grill House Entrance
2. Great Hall
3. Grill Floors
4. Bread Factories
5. Sauce Pipes
6. Meat Presses
7. Transport Bridges
8. Pig Bridge
9. Gate Below
10. Descent Shaft
11. Central Underworld
12. Rivers Below
13. Machine Heart
14. Worker Hordes
15. Sorting Halls
16. Waste Pipes
17. Cages Below
18. Endless Loop
The Districts
Bread District
Endless bakeries. Dough rivers. Ovens that never cool.
Sauce District
Three rivers flow: tomato, cheese, mayonnaise.
Steam Canals
Boats and barges carry goods and waste.
Iron Markets
Raw materials are traded, weighed and judged.
Machine Cathedral
The holy heart of the system. Praise the Machine.
Furnace Fields
Heat, fire and pressure turn everything into product.
Pig Bridge Gate
The only way in. The only way that matters.
Endless Conveyors
Trash raw belts that never stop moving.
Boiler Mountains
Steam rises day and night. Power for all.
Forgotten Tunnels
Old paths. Abandoned. Full of things best left buried.
Rules of the Underworld
The Machine is God
It is always right.
It is always hungry.
Work Is Life
To stop is to rust.
To rust is to be removed.
Obey and Consume
Questions are waste.
Silence is safe.
Quality is Power
Only the strongest and finest remain.
Waste Feeds the Fire
Nothing is truly lost.
Everything fuels the system.
The Cycle is Eternal
From raw to waste.
From waste to fuel.
From fuel back to raw.
There Is No Escape
The Grill House is everywhere.
The Underworld is forever.

‘How to come into the jungle,’ the teapot said. ‘It looks like all roads end here.’

‘No, dive,’ said Merillio, ‘and follow me.’

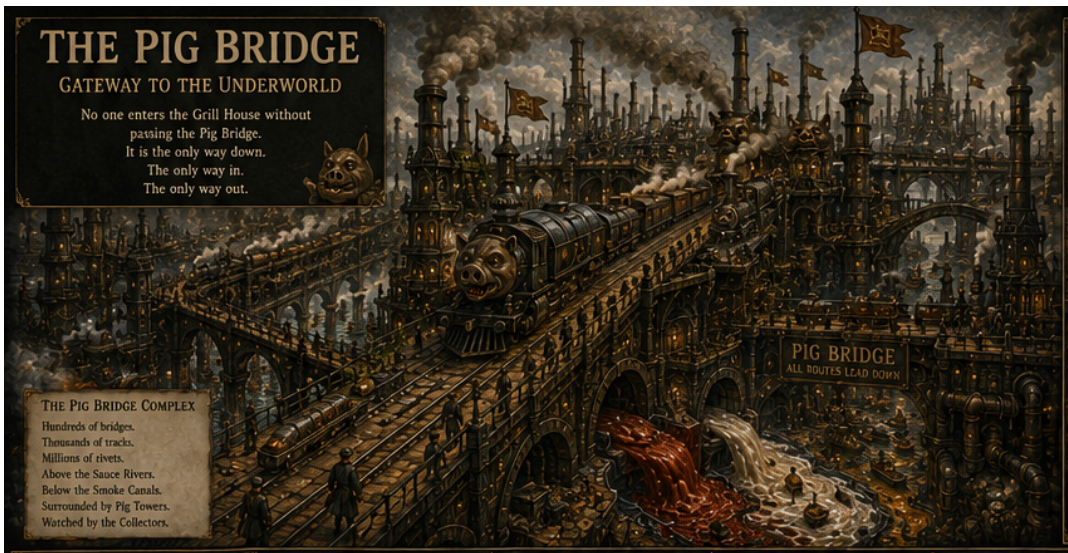
Merillio dived underwater, and the rest followed him.

Underwater there was where the pigtunnel went further.

THE PIG BRIDGE

GATEWAY TO THE UNDERWORLD

No one enters the Grill House without
passing the Pig Bridge.
It is the only way down.
The only way in.
The only way out.



The Pig Bridge Complex

Hundreds of bridges.
Thousands of tracks.
Millions of rivets.
Above the Sauce Rivers.
Below the Smoke Canals.
Surrounded by Pig Towers.
Watched by the Collectors.

The Descent

The descent begins in
the Great Intake Hall.
From there you go down,
deeper and deeper,
until the light above
becomes a memory.

The Pig Trains

They run day and night.
They never stop.
They carry everything.

Bread Line

To the endless bakeries.
Fresh dough. Always.

Sauce Line

To the pumping stations.
Rivers must flow.

Iron Line

To the foundries and forges.
Iron feeds the machine.

Waste Line

Down into the forgotten.
Out of sight. Out of mind.

Pig Line

The most important line of all.
It runs on the Pig Bridge.

The Collectors

They are not soldiers.
They are not guards.
They collect, inspect
and decide.
Weight. Value. Purpose.
Nothing passes
without a mark.

Pig Bridge Station

The greatest station in the world.
Iron arches. Endless platforms.
Steam. Clocks. Bells. Whistles.
Trains. Belts. People.
Everything in motion.

The Sauce Rivers Below

Three mighty rivers flow beneath the bridge.
Tomato. Cheese. Mayonnaise.
Pumped, filtered and purified.
They are the blood of the system.

Pig Towers

Every few hundred meters
a tower rises.
The eyes watch.
The mouth whistles.
The searchlight sees all.

The Pig Clock

It does not tell time.
It keeps the cycle.

FEED
PROCESS
TRANSPORT
DELIVER

The hand always moves
forward.

The Pig Bridge

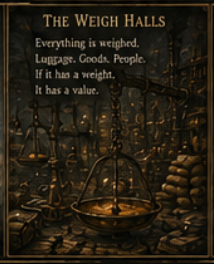
Layer upon layer of iron.
Roads. Rails. Pipes.
Walkways. Belts.
All leading down.
All leading in.

The Watch Posts

Collectors watch from above.
Signal flags. Steam horns.
Nothing is private.
Nothing is hidden.

The Weigh Halls

Everything is weighed.
Luggage. Goods. People.
If it has a weight,
it has a value.



The Mark of Entry

A metal tag is attached.
You are recorded.
You are counted.
You are part of
the system now.

Pig Junction

Here everything crosses.
Trains on five levels.
Conveyors in all directions.
Pipes above and below.
Boats in the canals.
Rivers in the depths.
The heart of the Bridge.

The Layers of the Pig Bridge

1. Walkways & Inspection Roads
   For people, Collectors and signals.
2. Train Lines
   The Pig Trains and freight lines.
3. Conveyor Belts
   Bread, meat, spices and more.
4. Steam Canals
   Boats and barges on hot water.
5. Sauce Rivers
   The lifeblood of the machine.
6. Forgotten Tunnels
   Old ways. Abandoned paths.
   Things that should stay forgotten.

The Pig Bridge Gate

The only way in.
The only way out.
The gate remembers.
The gate decides.

Beyond The Gate

Once you pass,
you are inside.
the cycle.
There is no
turning back.

The Laws of the Pig Bridge

The Machine Is God	Work Is Life	Obey and Submit	Quality Is Power	Waste Feeds The Fire	The Cycle Is Eternal	There Is No Escape
It is always right. It is always hungry.	To stop is to rust. To rest is to be removed.	Questions are waste. Silence is safe.	Only the strongest and finest remain.	Nothing is truly lost. Everything feeds the system.	From raw to waste. From waste to fuel. From fuel back to raw.	The Grill House is everywhere. The Underworld is forever.

Feed the Machine. Join the Cycle. Become Part of the Underworld.

They all moved through a huge hole, and soon they came up in a huge jungle lake.

‘We made it,’ the teapot shouted.

They could see the dark borders of the lake in the distant with it’s large wealthy trees and plants.

They could also see that Jokobo had his pighead again.

In the distance crocodiles were sliding into the lake.

Made-of-tomatoes plucked another tomato from himself and threw it at the coming crocodiles, who soon got covered by the flood of tomatoes.

Soon Made-of-tomatoes, Merillio, Jokobo and the others were creeping on the island of tomatoes which had formed itself in the lake, stretching itself out like a bridge to the border of the lake.

Soon there was no threat of crocodiles anymore.

‘Well done,’ said the teapot to made-of-tomatoes. ‘Without you we would never make it here.’

Now they would begin their trip to the Jungle City.

Merillio knew the way. Also Jokobo was well-informed. They both knew that Jungle City was an island in a rusty giant kettle in the depths of the jungle.

Certain hanging candy would show the way to this monstruous jungle kettle of uncanny size.

In this kettle there was a beach as well, and although the city was beautiful, the fairy lived in captivity.

Long ago she ruled in Candy City, ruling the whole country, but later on she had been abandonned to the jungle, abducted. She was still very young, but since she was growing up they started to fear her more and more. So her abducters created this kettle in which she gave her this city, in the hope that she would stay quiet. Of course these abducters were the spinach monsters led by mr. Sandwich. The fairy was very beautiful while they let her live in such dirt, covered by spinach, and still she was the most beautiful, ruling the jungle, ruling Jungle City, which they also called Spinach City. The city was so beautiful that they called it the jewel of the jungle. She had a dress soaked in spinach soup, with huge feathers standing straight at the back, like a peacock. And still the fairy was so lovely.

But when Merillio, Jokobo and the others finally saw the great kettle in the distance, it started to move away.

‘Same thing is going on,’ said mr. Clock.

‘How to get into the city ?’ the coffeepot asked.

They walked on for many days and nights, only to realise that they would never reach the kettle this way.

But suddenly something came on their path.

It was a frogman having the same size as them. ‘I have been sent by the queen, our dear fairy,’ he said.

Merillio was glad to see him. ‘We waited for you,’ he said to the frogman, but the others of course didn’t know who he was.

‘I can bring you into the city of the queen, one by one,’ said the frogman, ‘by gigantic leaps. No one can enter or leave the city but by me,’ he said proudly.

An amazing mysterious joy was master over him, like boiling in him in an untracable way. The others found some hope again. They were all very tired because of the trip. ‘The queen is expecting you already,’ said the frogman. ‘Who wants to go first ?’ asked the frogman.

But further he could not come, for a gigantic spinach monster swung from tree to tree, like a spider of monstruous size, not in the form of a man, and with a gigantic mouth.

It’s teeth were almost black, and inside it’s mouth it was also dark. It had a lot of hair and tentacles, looking like spinach, while it was almost black, but still greenish.

It’s eyes were dark red with black, and it’s appearance almost grilled them, because of the heat it was spreading, and they were like grasped by a terrible stench.

Made-of-tomatoes tried to throw a tomato but it already melted in his hands, after which it burnt to ashes.

Made-of-tomatoes stood there like frozen, and was soon in the grip of this terrible monster.

Soon also Merillio was in it’s tight grip, who started to cry immediately.

Then the monster went after the frogman.

The frogman couldn’t do anything, as the heat had almost paralyzed him, so that he couldn’t jump away.

So the frogman ended up also between the tentacles of the giant spinach monster. And soon more of such spinach monsters came taking them all away. They brought them over a long path through the jungle, and sometimes they went quickly from tree to tree, until they reached an area of mountains, where they went into a cave. Here a small man looking like a carrot was preaching. His audience were hundreds of huge spinach monsters, even huger than the ones who brought them.

‘Mr. Sandwich is indeed the ruler of us all. And therefore the fairy should not be given a chance to meet these visitors,’ shouted the little man looking like a carrot. Then he directed his finger at the captives and shouted : ‘Bring them to the underground spinach dungeons.’ Immediately the spinach monsters went deeper into

the cave, where they brought them to a dark place where they got dumped in dungeons. It was here they had to stay for many days, until they had to appear before mr. Sandwich in a huge hall. Mr. Sandwich was bigger than ever, sitting on a huge throne, made of all sorts of jungle stones. He almost had the face like a crocodile. He was sitting in the distance, his voice echoing through the hall. ‘There are the unwanted visitors,’ he said, ‘neither invited. But now you are here, we can use you well. How about becoming a spinach monster like all the others are.’ On the ground before them appeared a huge hole, like the surface of a kettle, in which a sort of spinach soup was boiling.

‘That would kill us,’ said mr. Clock.

‘Shut up,’ roared mr. Sandwich. ‘You weren’t asked anything.’

Then some small spinach monsters came in with baskets full of spinach. They started to smear it on the captives, until they looked all very messed up. Mr. Sandwich pushed on a button, and a door on the left side opened. ‘Now go there,’ he shouted. ‘And do your work.’

They all went through the door, and came in a room where crocodiles were, who they had to feed.

After awhile mr. Sandwich came in, and said : ‘Well done, now go to the next room where you will have some school.’ They went through the next door and came into a room where a schoolmistress stood. She had a very mean face, and they all had to sit down. ‘Repeat after me,’ she said :

CANDY CITY IS IN THE HANDS OF THE SPINACH MONSTERS

And they all repeated it.

MR. SANDWICH IS THE RULER OF THE WHOLE OF IKA

And they all repeated it.

THERE IS NO ANY ACTION SUCCESSFULL AGAINST THIS

And again they all repreated what she had said.

IF CAUGHT IN TREASON, THEN DEATH WILL FOLLOW

And again they repeated what she had just said.

CANDY CITY IS
IN THE HANDS OF
THE SPINACH MONSTERS

Then after awhile they had to go through the next door to their next lesson. There was another schoolmistress here, but Merillio began to smile. ‘That is the fairy,’ he whispered to the teapot. ‘That is the fairy,’ whispered the frogman to the coffeepot. And soon they knew it all. The schoolmistress smiled. ‘We have not much time,’ she spoke. ‘We are all together now. I cannot explain to you how I came here, but I did. And we have to use these moments very well now.’ She looked very beautiful and lovely. All their hope was in her now. She opened her bag in which a big book was. It was the Book of Shelters, a book in which she could hide persons. ‘Quick,’ she said. ‘I will have to put you all in this book to hide you. Now stand before me, so that I can push your head on the pages by which you can enter the book to disappear here. Merillio, you first.’ Quickly Merillio jumped before his queen, bowed his head until it touched the pages of the book, and there he disappeared in a flash. Then frogman came and the same happened, then Jokobo, and soon all the others, one by one. Quickly she shut the book and put it back in her bag again. At the same moment mr. Sandwich came into the room, asking where they were. ‘Oh,’ she spoke. ‘They are already in the next room.’

‘But it is not even time,’ shouted mr. Sandwich while getting very mad. He ran to the door on the other side and went through it to enter the next room. Quickly the fairy

locked the door by a special key, but she already heard mr. Sandwich shouting at the next schoolmistress. It would not take long before he would realise what was going on, so the fairy went through the other door, and then through the next, until she reached the judgement hall. On top of the hall there was an opening through which the light from outside the mountain could come in. Quickly she opened her bag and the book, and took the frogman out. Then closed the book and the bag again, and spoke : ‘Quick, jump towards the light, to the opening,’ while she was directing her finger at it. She jumped on the back of the frogman who immediately jumped. Soon they stood on the outside of the mountain. ‘I knew that face,’ she heard mr. Sandwich roaring in the distance. ‘Get her,’ he shouted.

‘Now take a leap into the Jungle City,’ she said to the frogman. Which he did.

It was one of the biggest jumps he ever made. They came on the roof of her palace, and quickly they ran inside, where they informed all the guards. At the same time the kettle was shaking tremendously like never before. She knew that mr. Sandwich was out for revenge. But more important was that she now had the teapot with her, the king of Candy City. She took him out of the book, together with all the others. ‘I thought I would get a remedy against stress here,’ said the teapot. ‘But anyway, what can I do to help you, my dear.’

The coffeepot made direct action, and poured some of his coffee into a small cup, and gave it to the queen. ‘Thank you,’ said the fairy, ‘that is very sweet of you. Now all take some licorice baths in the royal bathroom, or take a swim in the licorice pools.’ Soon they were all there, and the fairy was alone. After awhile she heard windows breaking, and an enormous monstruous insect flew into the palace, dived at her, and stung her deep by it’s venomous sting. Immediately the fairy lost consciousness, while the insect grasped her and flew away with her through the windows. Mr. Sandwich sat on the back of the insect. When the others came back from the royal bathroom no one could find the fairy and soon they found the broken window, and suspected that she had been abducted. They were all heart broken, and didn’t know what to do. She could basically be anywhere. Step by step they got to know more of the citizens of the city. Because they had also found blood of the fairy they thought she was probably dead. There was a mourning of several weeks in the city. The citizens of the city were at the same time very glad with their guests, and they wanted the teapot as their king. He took this as a great honor. The teapot also took a lot of time to study the many books of the fairy. Also the others saw that such education would be helpful.

Mr. Sandwich had taken the fairy to his grill house, but she couldn’t live there and got ill. She needed to be in the jungle. She became numb. Once in awhile she was allowed to bath in a jungle lake, and one day the frogman saw her there. He reported it to the teapot king, who was very glad. Deep in his heart he always had kept the hope that she would be still alive. He established a team which would search for the queen, and one day they found out that she was living in the grill house. But from the outside there was not really a way anymore to enter it. They knew they had to go by the pig-bridge then, which they could reach by the jungle lake. The old group went all together, but it seemed the pigbridge had been closed. So they just waited until the fairy would come to the jungle lake again. She came there with two guards, monstruous insects with dangerous stings.

Suddenly they had been surrounded by a swarm of giant gnats, like an army, waiting to sting them.

‘Quickly, jump into the water,’ Merillio said, which they all did.

They all dived underwater, knowing that Merillio knew the way here.

He swam to the place where the fairy was bathing, then took her by her leg and pulled her underwater.

He knew another hole somewhere in the bottom of the lake.

He pulled her through this portal, while the others were following, and soon they came into an open space in an underground cave.

There were many tunnels here, all leading to a place above the ground.

When they came there the frogman brought them back to the Jungle City one by one.

They would have to protect their queen better now.

They would make from now on bars in the windows of the palace.

Meanwhile the little man who looked like a carrot throned in Candy City now, as king of the spinach monsters and king of the whole land of Ika. But Mr. Sandwich Beach where the grill house was was also growing as a city, and here Mr. Sandwich throned as the emperor of it all. The fairy had weakened a lot after she got the horrible sting of the monstruous insect of mr. Sandwich, and she wasn’t the same anymore. She questioned if she would ever be able to rule Jungle City again, but she had a great help in the teapot. Whenever she thought of Mr. Sandwich Beach, of the grill house, she got dizzy, as to her it was a house of horror.

‘Hmmm...,’ said Jokobo, ‘if my grandfather was right, then the pig-bridge would be the way to conquer it all back, and then he might know more about it. Why wouldn’t we visit him to know more about it.’

‘Where does he live,’ asked mr. Clock.

‘Oh,’ said Jokobo, ‘he lives with my grandmother somewhere in a house somewhere inbetween the fields. I know where he lives, so we can go there.’

‘Yes,’ said the coffeepot, ‘that is a good idea. I want to know more about it also.’

‘I’m also in for it,’ said grandfather lion.

So there they went. The frogman would bring them one by one out of the city, and then their trip for more knowledge would start. They went with four : Jokobo, mr. Clock, the coffeepot and grandfather lion. The rest stayed in the city. After a long walk they came to the border of the jungle. The sun was shining so brightly, and the fields had such beautiful colours. They were like blooming. Jokobo walked in front of them, as he knew the way. They were all looking forward to meet grandfather and grandmother pig. When they came to the wall which divided the country there was still this hill of tomatoes. There was also a bridge across the wall, and there were many statues of the man totally made of tomatoes. It seemed that the spinach monsters still feared this place, and they had respect for it now. There were no any spinach monsters around, so it was very easy to get across the wall. It was almost evening, and when the evening came they finally reached the house of grandfather and grandmother pig, who were very glad to see their grandson with his friends. They all got their own bedroom in the house, as they were more than welcome. Grandfather pig was smoking a pipe and was reading in a book. Soon they all sat in the living room, to listen to the stories of grandfather pig. ‘Yes, the pig-bridge,’ he said mysteriously. ‘It can conquer anything, it makes them melt like wax, it makes them sticky, losing their orders, losing their brains.’

‘But grandfather,’ asked Jokobo, ‘where is it ?’

‘In a hole in a field close to the house,’ said grandfather pig.

‘Then show it,’ Jokobo said.

Grandfather pig stood up, and walked outside, while the others followed him. Soon they reached the hole. ‘If you are in it,’ said grandfather pig, ‘you can go to any place you want, entering it and conquering it. The tunnel will dig itself, wherever you go.’

‘Do you believe it, grandmother ?’ Jokobo asked.

‘Oh yes,’ she said, ‘I have seen him doing it many times. Your grandfather was a great king when he was young.’

‘King of what,’ asked Jokobo.

‘Of Ika,’ she said, ‘long before the fairy started to rule.’

‘But why did he stop ruling Ika then ?’ Jokobo asked.

‘Well, that is a long story,’ said grandmother pig.

Suddenly the little man who looked like a carrot stood in the opening of the hole, aiming his sword at them. His face was totally orange. ‘I rule the pig-bridge,’ he said. ‘Hasn’t anyone told you ? This is my domain, so go back to your houses to cry.’

Grandfather pig bowed his head in shame. Jokobo looked at his grandfather and asked him if it was true.

‘Yes, Jokobo,’ grandfather pig said, ‘the one ruling the pig-bridge rules anything, and it is not me anymore.’

‘Then can’t you get it back ?’ Jokobo asked.

‘No, Jokobo,’ said grandfather pig.

‘Why not ?’ asked Jokobo.

‘And sorry,’ the little man who looked like a carrot said, ‘all pig-bridges throughout the land will soon be shut forever.’

Then bars came out of the top of the hole, and came down, while the man who looked like a carrot left. Also grandfather pig went back to his house and the rest followed him. Like defeated he sat down. Also grandmother pig didn’t say a word.

‘This is a sad story,’ said Jokobo, ‘a very sad story. I always had the feeling that you were lying, but now it seems so.’

‘No Jokobo,’ said grandfather pig, ‘the pig-bridge is unconquerable, but it’s just not ours anymore.’

‘So how did you lose it,’ asked Jokobo.

‘Oh, that is a long story,’ said grandfather pig.

‘Please tell it,’ said Jokobo.

‘Once the pigs ruled all the land,’ said grandfather pig. ‘One day a greedy kid came to the land from outside, no one knew from where. It was an evil kid named Little Joe. He started tormenting us and chasing us, and in the jungle spinach monsters got an interest in him. They wanted to make him king of the jungle and ruler of Spinach City, which was the Jungle City. The boy used such evil magic that he could get a hold on our pig-bridges, which was originally ours, because we made it. Well, actually he just stole the Book of Memories, in which the secret of the pig-bridge was

stored, and as soon as he got it the knowledge we had in our memories about it got erased. It was an empty spot in our minds since then. We were not able to rule at all anymore, so a great grandfather of the fairy was kind enough to take over the rule. Little Joe brought the Book of Memories to mr. Sandwich, by which mr. Sandwich got even greater powers in the land, and by which Little Joe became ruler of the jungle and the Jungle City. Much later, when the fairy was queen, they once abducted her by the Book of Memories and the pig-bridge to the Jungle City.'

'So where is Little Joe now,' asked Jokobo.

'No one knows,' said grandfather pig.

'So the secret of the pig-bridge by which they rule is in the Book of Memories,' said Jokobo.

'Yes, but forget about getting that book,' said grandfather pig. 'Mr. Sandman guards it, and it has such shrieking alarms, much shriller than a wild pig would shriek, and it would make you deaf and kill you.'

Then Jokobo started to tell about made-of-tomatoes, how his tomatoes had quenching effects. When grandfather pig heard about how made-of-tomatoes saved them a few times there was a little hope in his heart again. 'Then can you bring him here ?' grandfather pig asked. Jokobo nodded. 'I can run back to the jungle, and then the frogman can bring made-of-tomatoes from the Jungle City,' said Jokobo. The others would stay with grandfather and grandmother pig. It was a long run for Jokobo, but the boy with the pighead could run very fast. He was excited, and this made his leaps even greater. After a long time he reached the jungle, and he came as close to the giant kettle as he could, where he would wait for the frogman. He had to wait here for several days and nights, but finally the frogman found him, and Jokobo told him the story. 'Oh, I can get made-of-tomatoes for you,' he said. Within several minutes he came back with made-of-tomatoes. Both they ran to the house of the grandparents of Jokobo as fast as they could, and just before the evening they came there. Grandfather and grandmother pig were very glad to see them. When grandfather pig looked a bit better at made-of-tomatoes he suddenly got his memory back. 'I got it,' grandfather pig shouted joyfully. 'I remember the secret of the pig-bridge again. It is in the keys of mr. Deer who lives here on the left side close to the jungle, at the white desert. Let us go there.'

Grandfather pig went to the cellar in the underground of the house, from where they came into a tunnel. There was an old train which would lead them to the white desert area, close to the jungle. The train would move very slowly, but at least it went faster than walking. Within a few hours they were in the white desert area, and when they stepped out of the train there was a long row of cellars. Grandfather pig knew exactly

where they had to be, and pushed on the bell there. After a few minutes mr. Deer opened the door. ‘Now that is a surprise,’ mr. Deer said. ‘I haven’t seen you for such a long time, and actually I do not remember what it was all about, but good to see you, my friend, and welcome to the friends you brought with you.’

It seemed that mr. Deer had lost also a great part of his memory. He seemed to know nothing anymore about the pig-bridge. He still had some mysterious keys, but he couldn’t remember what they were about. ‘I always kept them,’ said mr. Deer, ‘as I knew they were important. But I don’t know for what anymore.’ When they were in the house itself they could see the white desert through the window. On the other side of the house they could see a pasture with a little forest. There were many trees here, and you could see that the jungle was near. ‘Oh, but my house is moving,’ said mr. Deer. ‘In the afternoon the house is in the jungle, and in the evening it is at the border of the jungle, and in the night it seems to move away from it, or the jungle moves, I don’t know.’ But they knew all about it. ‘The jungle is under a spell,’ said Jokobo.

‘Look at made-of-tomatoes,’ said grandfather pig to mr. Deer.

‘Oh, I suddenly remember what the keys are for,’ mr. Deer said. ‘There is a bookchest somewhere, in which a man is sleeping, called mr. pig-bridge, a man with a pigskin, or a pigbody with a man’s head, or a lower pigbody with the upper body of a man, I forgot. But the first key is to find the bookchest, the second is to open it, and the third is to wake the man up. But I have three more keys.’

‘Good grace,’ said grandfather pig, ‘that is Jokobo’s father, now I remember.’

‘But I thought I didn’t have a father,’ said Jokobo, ‘at least that is what you always said.’

‘Sorry, my memory is returning,’ said grandfather pig.

‘Then who is this mysterious man,’ said mr. Clock.

‘It was the first ruler of Ika,’ said mr. Deer. ‘And I remember this bookchest is still on my attic. Let us go there.’ Within a few minutes they were on the attic. The bookchest stood vertikal like a tall cupboard. Mr. Deer took his keys and opened it. There was a man sleeping straight up, but he didn’t look like a pig at all. He was made of orange metal. By the second key mr. Deer opened a little door in the orange metal chest of the man, in which there was a candle. Mr. Deer immediately lit the candle, and the eyes of the man opened, and he could move himself a bit, while the orange metal was melting a bit into some sort of pigskin. Also the lips of the man started to move a bit. ‘I am the ruler of Ika,’ he said. ‘Where is my wife, mrs. candy-bridge ?’

‘There was a candy bridge destroyed by the spinach monsters,’ said Jokobo.

‘No, mrs. candy-bridge is a real person, your mother,’ said mr. pig-bridge.

‘I thought I had no mother,’ Jokobo said.

‘There is another chest, hidden in the staircase,’ said mr. Deer. He still had three more keys. He went to the staircase, found the chest and opened it. A frozen brown woman was in who had the color of chocolate. There was a metal box in her back, which he opened by the other key, and there was another box in the box which he opened also by the last key. Mrs. candy-bridge could move a bit. ‘I want to rule from here,’ mr. pig-bridge said, ‘from this moving house, I can move it through the whole land.’

‘I’m fine with it,’ said mr. Deer.

‘Of course you are,’ said mr. pig-bridge. Mrs. candy-bridge still looked like a robot. She was now out of the chest, and they could all see that she was made of a sort of metal, and she had many buttons. Mr. pig-bridge pushed on a button, and the house started to fly. Through the windows they could see that it had wings.

Soon they were above Candy City where the little man who looked like a carrot ruled with the spinach monsters. Some of the spinach monsters saw the flying house with wings and were as struck by terror. They were marching on the walls, and got in complete panick. ‘Made-of-tomatoes, throw a tomato,’ said mr. pig-bridge, when they all stood before a window. A smaller window was opened, and they were already above the royal palace. Made-of-tomatoes plucked a tomato from himself and threw it at the palace. Immediately the tomato started to multiply like never before, and soon the whole palace was flooded. Streams of tomato-puree entered the city from all sides, while big tomatoes formed bridges for the citizens to climb on. The little man who looked like a carrot was also in great panick when he saw so many tomatoes rolling into his palace. He called for his spinach monsters, and told them that they all had to move to the depths of the underground, but wherever they went, the tomatoes followed them magnetically. The tomatoes formed a frame of steel which pushed them deeper underground to a place of hot grills where they got squashed inbetween cheese and tomatoes. The flying house landed on top of the palace. The whole city was flooded by the tomatoes, and citizens tried to save themselves.

‘Mr. Clock,’ said mr. pig-bridge, ‘I establish you as king here. Clean it up here in Candy City.’

‘But how am I to rule ?’ asked mr. Clock. ‘I don’t know what to do, I am unable.’

‘Oh, you have many servants and citizens to help you,’ said mr. pig-bridge. ‘Help them out, and they will help you.’

‘I will try,’ said mr. Clock, ‘but please stay for awhile to help me.’

So the flying house with the wings stayed for a few days so that they all could help mr. Clock to fix the city. Then the flying house with the wings moved further, and soon they were above the dangerous area of Mr. Sandwich Beach. ‘Throw a tomato, made-of-tomatoes,’ said mr. pig-bridge. Made-of-tomatoes plucked a tomatoe and threw it through the small open window, and watched it together with the others. Soon the whole area was in a tomato-flood. They could hear mr. Sandwich roaring. The grill house looked like a palace more than ever before, a palace with high pillars everywhere, and mysterious veils and curtains, and it all got wet and red by the tomato-puree. The palace had many towers and on one tower the flying house with the wings landed. It was a tomato-flood so big that they had never seen it before.

‘How can you do this,’ mr. Sandwich was screaming. ‘This is not fair.’ Some gigantic spinach monsters looking like giant spiders came up, spouting the tomato-puree, but there was not much they could do. They were sinking, as they were overwhelmed by it. They made a horrible noise. They tried to grill the tomatoes, but it was too much. Soon it was all silent. Mr. pig-bridge pushed on a button of mrs. candy-bridge, and a ladder came forth from below the house by which they could enter the palace grill house. Everything was red here by the tomatoes. Mr. Sandwich lay there as one sticky bunch. There was no order anymore in his body, only chaos. His white trousers and black shoes were all stiff. He didn’t move. His eyes were yellow and big, in which appeared the latest advertisement clips, but there was a lot of disturbance on these two screens, and soon the screens showed nothing but snow, and then in a flash the screens were black.

‘Game over, mr. Sandwich,’ said mr. pig-bridge. The arms of mr. Sandwich hung weakly along his huge sandwichbody. Outside from the depths of the lakes of tomato-puree a book was coming up : the Book of Memories. Jokobo saw it and could take it out. They had to go to the Jungle City now by the flying house with the wings, but when they came there they found out something terrible. Little Joe had returned and was king of the Jungle City again. He was on his flying bike, and met them in the air. The house started to shake and tremble, while Little Joe was pushing it. Soon the house stood on the ground.

‘I am the traffic agent here,’ Little Joe said. ‘Now, come all out of the house, or I will burn it.’

Soon they all stood out of the house. Soon huge chickens and other big birds came to pick the house. ‘Yeah, your house is a stranger here,’ said Little Joe while laughing. ‘The birds don’t like it.’ Soon they were surrounded by the birds as well. They were all in a shock. The giant kettle stood upside down in the jungle river now, and the

Jungle City was floating very fast through the wild waters. It went up and down in the waters. ‘Throw them into the waters,’ said Little Joe to the birds. The birds soon picked them all up, brought them to the river and threw them in, together with the flying house with the wings. They were all in the wild waves now. In the distance they also saw the fast floating city. In the middle of the river there was a huge tree with big branches, growing from it. They all swam to it, and raised themselves up on it. When the city floated along they jumped on it’s border. They could enter the city, but soon they found out what a big mess there was. Little Joe was there also with his bike.

BICYCLE TREE
WELCOME TO
LITTLE JOE'S JUNGLE KINGDOM
PARROT SQUARE
MONKEY MARKET
THE TRAFFIC CIRCLE
LITTLE JOE TRAFFIC AGENT
LOG ROLLER ROAD
FLOWER MAZE
SWING FOREST
FORGOTTEN LIBRARY
LION GATE
BICYCLE HARBOR

BICYCLE TREE
WELCOME TO
LITTLE JOE'S JUNGLE KINGDOM
MONKEY MARKET
TREE VILLAGE
YOU LEFT
THE TRAFFIC CIRCLE
PARROT SQUARE
YOU TURN BACK
YOU WAIT
YOU MAY PASS
LOG ROLLER ROAD
FLOWER MAZE
FORGOTTEN LIBRARY
BICYCLE HARBOR
SWING FOREST

Chapter 3. The Apple City

Sandwiches with jam lay on the ground. Little Joe was eating them with a joyous face. But then he grasped some tall knives from his bike, and showed it to them, saying : ‘But what is a sandwich without good meat ?’ Made-of-tomatoes immediately grasped a tomato from himself when he saw the knives moving fast before him, glittering in the sunlight, but whenever he held a tomato the little boy could cut it out of his hands before he could throw it. Then the boy took his flying bike again and flew away while laughing hard. Deeper in the city the mess was even greater. A person with a tall frogbody and a huge egg as head walked towards them. ‘Nothing to find here anymore,’ he said. ‘My name is Froggie Egglight,’ while his head began to glow with much light. ‘The fairy and all her guards and servants, and the teapot, they are all gone,’ he said.

‘Where are they ?’ asked Jokobo.

‘I don’t know,’ said Froggie Egglight, ‘but better leave while you can, for this new ruler, Little Joe, is one crazy kid.’

‘Then why are you still here,’ said Jokobo.

‘I don’t know,’ said Froggie Egglight, ‘but I will soon be gone. I better live somewhere in the river.’

‘Please stay with us,’ said Jokobo.

Slowly they approached the palace. They went on the broad white stairway which was like made of mint. In a sense the palace looked like a ruin, but the marble pillars in the opening were thicker and looked stronger than ever. They wondered what had happened here. Mysterious green slime was moving slowly on the pillars. In the first hall it was very dark, but Froggie gave some light. There was another broad stairway in the middle of the hall, close to a wall. The stairway was grey and only had a few steps. On top there was a big mysterious chair, covered by grey fleeces tightly bound around it. It was like a ghost-chair. On a higher platform behind it, there stood a mirror in grey stone. Sounds came from the mirror. ‘Now don’t look into that mirror,’ said mr. pig-bridge, ‘or it will lock you up.’

‘Or it will melt you into hot cheese,’ said a voice. Suddenly Little Joe appeared on his bike, while a lot of such mirrors started to surround them. ‘Close your eyes,’ shouted mr. pig-bridge. ‘Don’t open your eyes again, or you will watch right into such a

mirror.’ Little Joe started to laugh. ‘Or listen to the music of the mirror long enough and turn into stone,’ said Little Joe further, while laughing. ‘Put your fingers in your ears, quick,’ shouted mr. pig-bridge.

‘But what if these mirrors touch you, what then ?’ Little Joe said cynical, almost bursting out with sadistic joy. Made-of-tomatoes wanted to pluck a tomato from himself but he didn’t dare to put his fingers out of his ears. Suddenly the flying house with the wings came into the hall. Quickly he picked them all up, and flew to the top of the hall. Made-of-tomatoes quickly ran to a window in the house, opened it and threw a tomato through it at Little Joe, but Little Joe had cut it to pieces by his tall knives before it could even touch him or the ground, and the tomato didn’t multiply. Mr. pig-bridge ran to mrs. candy-bridge in the house, and pushed a button, while the whole hall below them started to freeze. Little Joe was now as a huge icycle sitting on a bike. Also the mirrors were in ice and started to break. ‘Throw your tomato, made-of-tomatoes,’ said mr. pig-bridge. Made-of-tomatoes did that immediately, while immediately the tomato started to multiply like never before, to hit the mirrors by rage. The mirrors now broke open completely, and out of them came the fairy, the

frogman, Merillio, and many others, together with the teapot. It seemed that now the terror was over, and many more citizens came free. It took them a few months to rebuild Jungle City, but the result was beautiful.

One day a man approached the royal palace in Jungle City. He had swum through the jungle river until he reached it. He was totally made of apples, and had a huge hat with apples on it. His name was Man-made-of-apples, and he said he was the king of the other side of the jungle river, a fair land, and he wanted to invite them all, as the city was new to the area. He took off his huge hat, and greeted the teapot and the fairy, and all those who were with them. ‘Follow me to my kingdom,’ he said, while he ran back to the river and jumped into it. Then he pulled the city forward until it touched the other side of the river. It was indeed a beautiful land here. It was like the trees and plants here had the most beautiful clothes, so soft and in the most beautiful colours, like the whitest pink. ‘Come,’ he shouted, ‘let me show you my kingdom.’ There were huge chickens on big transparent pillars with red stripes, and they laid candy eggs, going through all sorts of machines. Two huge candybars formed the portal of the kingdom of Man-made-of-apples. The loveliest candy was floating here, in small rivers with their own waterfalls. It was very precious to look at. ‘Watch me now,’ said Man-made-of-apples, and took an umbrella to bring it up above his hat. All of a sudden it started raining candy. The teapot was amazed. This he had never seen, even though he came from candy land, and this was still a part of Ika, the candy land, although he had never seen it before.

‘I am pleased to have you all here,’ said Man-made-of-apples. ‘Let me show you some more.’ The teapot and all the others followed him deeper in this beautiful part of the jungle behind the river. Soon they saw houses made of candy, the most precious forms, houses and bridges they had never seen before. There was also a sort of sun made of candy, which gave them brilliant light, and everything was reflecting so beautifully. ‘You have a rich kingdom here,’ said the teapot.

‘Oh no, I didn’t show you anything yet,’ said Man-made-of-apples, while he was smiling deep. When they had walked a bit along the candy houses they came to much bigger houses, and they seemed to be made of apples. ‘Apples I love,’ said Man-made-of-apples. He took an apple from a house and started to eat. ‘I just love apples,’ he said. ‘I want them all over me, I want them to invade the world, to make everything well.’

‘Watch back,’ he said. ‘Can you see the jungle river ?’ It was all much greener now, and with the rich colours of apples. ‘Yes, it is all floating now, and soon your city will have apples in their canals, lake and small rivers as well, now how is that ?’

‘Wonderful,’ said the teapot, ‘but how did you do that ?’

‘Oh well, tricks,’ said Man-made-of-apples joyfully, ‘just some tricks.’

Then they walked further. In the distance they saw a huge apple, huge as a mountain, and on top it held something like a brilliant crown. ‘The wondrous Apple City,’ said Man-made-of-apples while smiling.

‘Now that is amazing,’ said the teapot.

‘It is,’ said Man-made-of-apples, ‘and it is just the beginning of the party.’ In front of the apple it was white of cornfields, all spred out on hills. ‘Here, take some bikes,’ said Man-made-of-apples. All of a sudden flying bikes were all around them, by which they could start their trip along the corn fields. It was a beautiful day, the sun was almost smiling. When they finally reached the huge apple, a door in it opened. Man-made-of-apples stepped off his bike and went inside, while the rest followed him. They came in a small room with an elevator. The elevator had a green glowing button and a door of grey shiny metal. There was a lot of steam when the door of the elevator opened, and the button was even glowing more now. ‘Up to Apple City,’

Man-made-of-apples said, and they all stepped into the huge elevator. After awhile they were in the city, full of apple pools. It was so high. From the windows they could see the whole candy land of Ika.

‘That’s it, guys,’ Man-of-apples said all of a sudden.

‘That’s it ?’ asked the teapot. ‘I thought the party had just begun.’

‘Yes,’ said Man-made-of-apples, ‘I said that long ago. We had the party, and now it is over.’

‘But we are just here,’ said the teapot.

‘Oh, no one ever stays long in Apple City,’ said Man-made-of-apples.

‘Oh, but I refuse to leave,’ said the teapot. ‘I didn’t make this long trip all for nothing. We just arrived in this marvelous place, and now all of a sudden we have to leave ? That is just plain rude.’

‘I beg your pardon ?’ said Man-made-of-apples, ‘you are just guests here, nothing but guests.’

‘Well, I refuse to leave,’ said the teapot while getting a bit mad, ‘you don’t have any manners.’

Then Man-made-of-apples gave a flying bike to the teapot, opened a door next to a window, and pushed him through it. The teapot was now in the open air, and there was no way for him to enter the city again. But he enjoyed it and became excited as he was high in the sky with such a wonderful bike. But because he was still mad at Man-made-of-apples he went back to Jungle City in the jungle river. ‘He is not welcome anymore,’ he shouted.

‘Who ?’ some servants asked.

‘Oh, this Man-made-of-apples,’ said the teapot, while he began to tell what happened.

Meanwhile the others were in the elevator again. They didn’t dare to come against Man-made-of-apples after they had seen what happened to the teapot, and besides that, they understood that they were just guests.

‘Can’t we stay a little longer,’ a boy asked.

‘No, negative,’ said Man-made-of-apples. ‘The party is over.’

‘Then when can we come back ?’ asked the boy.

‘Never,’ said Man-made-of-apples.

‘Never ?’ some others asked while they were very shocked. ‘Why is that ?’

‘That’s none of your business,’ said Man-made-of-apples. He sounded very strict.

‘Please,’ said someone else, ‘Can’t you explain why ?’

‘No, never,’ said Man-made-of-apples almost with an angry voice.

The others became very sad, but no one dared to ask further. When they came out of the apples the weather was still very beautiful, and they all grasped their flying bikes. ‘We are going to walk,’ said Man-made-of-apples, ‘so please lay your bikes back.’ He talked like he could burst out any moment, so they did immediately what he asked them, without hesitating. Then they started their walk through the cornfields. It took very long, and some were becoming very tired. It was like they never reached the houses again, and it was already becoming darker.

‘We are going to sleep here,’ said Man-made-of-apples. There was a tree with some sand, and they were all lying down there. The next day began very early, and the weather was already very beautiful like the previous day. The sun was shining bright, and it was very hot. They looked at each other. They looked like smeared by apple sauce. But they didn’t dare to say anything about it, because they feared that Man-made-of-apples would become mad. Their clothes were very heavy, and there was also apple sauce in their hair, so their heads were very dull. Slowly they moved forwards. After awhile they came to a pool of apple juice inbetween the cornfields, where they could wash themselves. They had a lot of fun, and they wished they could stay, but soon they had to move on. At least they could move better now. Soon they came close to the entrance of the kingdom again. ‘You have been here once and for always,’ said Man-made-of-apples. ‘And I am sure you had the best time of your life here. You will not be welcome again. Just spread the news that something like this exists, and try to build it in your own land. Be an example.’ These were the last words of Man-made-of-apples. They already stood outside, and the portal closed itself. They were very sad and mad that it had to end this way. They thought they had found a new friend, the best friend they could ever had, but now he was gone forever. Soon they entered their own city again and tried to pick up their lives.

‘It was an unfriendly man,’ said someone.

‘Yes, almost evil,’ said another one. While they loved him before.

But their city had changed. It looked more like the land of Man-made-of-apples, and soon they honored him as a legend, a hero, a great man.

But king teapot wasn’t satisfied about how he got treated by Man-made-of-apples, and everyday he got madder. Grandfather lion told him it was just stress again, that he needed rest. ‘You need to go on a holiday again, king teapot,’ said grandfather lion. ‘Yes, maybe you are right,’ said the teapot, while he could slightly smile again a bit.

It was a very good idea. This time he and his two best friends, the coffeepot and grandfather lion, would go to the mountains. One day early in the morning they left the royal palace and the Jungle City. They had taken some food with them, and went in a small boat across the jungle river. Then they followed a sandy path. They really needed a holiday, all three, as they had worked so hard to make Jungle City well again. The teapot could finally sigh. It was a lovely day, and they enjoyed the smell of the many flowers in this part of the jungle. Soon they came along a huge cave, and in front of it a bear sat. ‘Hello,’ said the bear, ‘My name is Flimo the Bear.’

‘Well, nice to meet you,’ said the teapot.

‘What are you doing ?’ asked the bear.

‘We are going to the mountains,’ said the coffeepot, ‘for a holiday.’

‘Yes,’ said grandfather lion, ‘for we have worked hard.’

‘Can I come with you,’ asked the bear, ‘for I worked hard too, and I need some rest and fun, somewhere else to go.’

‘Sure,’ said the teapot, ‘we can use some good company.’ The bear was very glad to hear that and joined them.

‘Do you know the mountains a bit ?’ asked the teapot to the bear.

‘No,’ said the bear, ‘not at all, but I heard it is very beautiful there.’ After awhile they encountered another bear, an orange one. This one also wanted to travel with them. They had finally come into an area where the trees were talking, but at the same time they could move also, and it didn’t take long before they were surrounded by these trees.

‘What is going on,’ said the teapot.

‘Ha,’ said a voice. ‘The king has gone from home again.’

‘Yes,’ another voice said. ‘Let’s take good advantage of that.’

Suddenly a dwarf stood before them, looking very mean and evil. He had a small face with a tall pointy nose. ‘Hahaha,’ he screamed laughing. ‘We better go home,’ said the teapot, ‘for this is not good.’ The others didn’t say anything. They had already been grasped by the trees. ‘Yes, I know this jungle is under a spell,’ the teapot said.

‘Yes, and it will only get worse,’ said the dwarf, and showed him a silver flower with three petals, saying : ‘When the first petal has been blown away by the wind, your whole kingdom has forgotten about everything. When the second petal has been blown away, your whole kingdom will fall asleep, and when the third petal has been blown away by the wind they will all die.’

‘Oh,’ said the teapot, ‘I happen to have a tomato in my teapot.’ He opened the top of it, and took the tomato out to throw it immediately at the dwarf. Soon the dwarf was flooded by tomatoes, but he could manage himself to get out of it. He held the flower in front of his face and tried to blow the petals away. But now the teapot got very mad, coming into a rage, while an aweful flute started to be blown by the boiling. In a shock the trees dropped the others, and moved away, while the two bears grasped the dwarf from behind. Quickly the coffeepot grasped the flower out of the hand of the dwarf. ‘What if he’s lying,’ said grandfather lion.

‘What if he’s not,’ roared the teapot. ‘We better take no any risk.’

The coffeepot gave the silver flower to the teapot, who put it immediately into his teapot where it would be safe, while the coffeepot took an apple out of his coffeepot. ‘I forgot I had this,’ he said. ‘I got it from Man-made-of-apples.’ He threw the wonder-apple at the dwarf, who immediately started to melt away into the ground, while screaming loud. The trees around him turned into appletrees and lost their faces and mouths.

‘Up to the mountains,’ said the coffeepot.

‘First plucking some apples,’ said the bears. ‘They can be of use.’ With the apples they were a small army at themselves, but more and more bears started to join them. ‘This smells like a good coffeeparty,’ said the coffeepot.

‘I can do nothing but agree,’ said grandfather lion. It was raining apple juice. Man-made-of-apples was working his magic. It was filling the valleys and washing the mountains. It was licking the deer clean. They knew he was a wizard watching over them. He had not forgotten about them. The mountains were like apple paradises, and the juices formed magical bridges across the ravines. It was like the wizard had returned. ‘Oh thank you, wizard,’ the teapot said with a smile of release.

When they walked a little further on a mountain path they came along a small house where a dwarf just opened a fence, while the door was cracking. He himself had a grating voice, saying : ‘Well hello, guests, visitors, whatever you are or supposed to be. My name is Droppy Gloppy. I am a smith making apple alarms against the abuse of magic.’

‘Well, that is a mouth full,’ said the teapot, ‘but nice to meet you.’

‘Yes,’ said the dwarf, ‘whenever someone is abusing magic the apples of the alarm start to scream.’

‘That is interesting,’ said the coffeepot.

‘Can you show us ?’ asked grandfather lion.

‘Oh well,’ said the dwarf, ‘come inside my house.’

When they were in the dwarf’s house they saw rows of apples with boy faces.

‘Now that is an invention,’ said Flimo the Bear.

‘Yes,’ said the dwarf, ‘the boys can protect anything.’ Then the boys started to sing. They all had their own tones, and they sang it one by one. ‘So what happens when an intruder comes ?’ asked the orange bear.

‘Then they start to scream and bite,’ said the dwarf while smiling.

‘Interesting,’ said another bear.

‘Yes, you can plant them on any fence you like,’ said the dwarf, ‘but remember, even when the owner himself abuses magic or intrudes somewhere else where he has no business, then they will attack.’

The teapot stared at their mouths. They looked like the mouths of wolves. Their teeth were blackish and mean.

‘Haha,’ said the dwarf, ‘they’re no easy guys, not at all. Whatever you are, king, farmer or soldier, you all have to obey their laws.’

‘Their laws ?’ said the teapot.

APPLE
ALARM

‘Yes, against the abuse of magic,’ said the dwarf. ‘There is a lot of abuse, and they come against it.’

‘Oh, that is a good thing then,’ said the teapot.

‘But you are ruining my dear and precious time,’ said the dwarf, ‘do you want it or not.’

‘Oh, I can use it in the land,’ said the teapot. ‘We have a lot to work on.’

‘Good,’ said the dwarf. ‘There is only one thing which can pass along the boys without problems,’ said the dwarf : ‘winds and storms, and it seems to get attracted a lot by such alarms. That is the lack of it.’ The dwarf looked through his window. ‘Good gracious potatoes and eggs !’ The others watched also. An enormous black storm was coming their way. ‘Now we have to run,’ said the dwarf. ‘Or it will be a desaster.’ The black storm was already turning into a tornado, grasping and devouring everything which was in his way. ‘The boat, the boat,’ screamed the dwarf. ‘Since Man-made-of-apples came here, the valleys are filled with apple juice. Let’s go to the other side.’ They all ran to the boat of the dwarf in his backgarden. It was in the apple juice already. It was a huge boat, and he raised the sails immediately. Soon they were on the sea of apple juice. The whole boat was cracking. They could see in the distance how the black tornado was destroying everything. It came also closer to the

ship. The waves of apple juice were getting higher and higher. But then suddenly another ship stood before them, much bigger. It seemed to be a ship of bears, and soon the ship of the dwarf was raised aboard of the gigantic ship of bears. Captain Bear had a black rag on one eye, and had an enormous black hat. He had a friendly face, and comforted them immediately, saying : ‘Tornadoes cannot hit us. You are safe here.’ He had a very pleasant and soft voice. The other bears had red clothes tied around their heads. They were friendly too. One of them, close to the captain, said : ‘Welcome aboard, my name is Ted Bear.’ The bears all looked like teddy bears more or less. They had a soft skin, and some had pyamas on. ‘We hope you have a nice trip and a nice time aboard,’ said Ted the Bear.

‘Where are we going ?’ asked the teapot.

‘Oh,’ said Captain Bear, ‘our pyama kingdom is there in the mountains. We love pyamas and sleep.’

‘Good,’ said the teapot, ‘very good, for I had hoped to find some rest on my holiday.’

‘Oh, King Bear would love to meet you,’ said Captain Bear, ‘and he would like to see the others as well.’ The ship was sailing towards a huge purple soft palace which was glowing there. It was on the mountains on the other side of the apple juice sea. There were pyamas hanging everywhere on this mountain. The teapot was the first who set a foot on the land, and the others followed him soon. There was a yellow path leading into the purple palace, and soon they were in the room of King Bear, who was a very friendly and interested bear.

‘I am the teapot,’ said the teapot. ‘And these are all my friends.’

‘You have many friends,’ said King Bear. ‘What can I do for you.’

‘Well,’ said the teapot, ‘my friends and I were escaping the black tornado, you see, Droppy Gloppy had made an alarm, but it has a lack.’

‘Oh,’ said King Bear, ‘but I can give you a much better alarm. A Pyama Alarm keeps even tornadoes out. This is why there are hanging so many pyamas around. It belongs to the alarm.’

‘Well, that is a good idea then,’ said the teapot.

‘I have heard much about your land,’ said King Bear. ‘I can give you the alarm, but please take Princess Bear with you to the Candy City, as she so much wants to live there.’ Princess Bear had a precious tall canal-boat, and Ted Bear would move it forward by a tall stick. This was how the princess wanted it. It was almost evening when they started their trip to Candy City with the princess. And when it was mightnight after many hours, they came into the canals of Candy City, soon

approaching the royal palace. Ted Bear helped them all out of the canal-boat on the white broad stairway of the palace entrance. Mr. Clock was sleeping, but came especially for them out of bed, and was very glad to see them. Soon they hung the Pyama Alarm throughout the Candy City.

The End